

THE BOARDMAN MIRROR

VOLUME III.

BOARDMAN, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1923.

NUMBER 46



Where the Sun Shines Most of the Time

and the very air seems to dispel worry and tone up the nerves.

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Boardman, Oregon.

W. L. SUDDARTH BADLY HURT IN AUTO ACCIDENT THURSDAY

On his home-coming from Mouth normal for the holidays, W. L. Suddarth of Irrigon met with an accident that may prove fatal. The accident happened last Thursday at the John Day river on the highway. With Mr. Suddarth were two young ladies, also students at the normal. Detecting a knock in his car he got out on the running board while one of the girls drove. In some way he lost his balance and fell off upon his head and was rendered unconscious. He was taken to Arlington and later to The Dalles hospital where he is in a critical condition. Mrs. Suddarth who is teaching at Pine City joined him as soon as word was received and is with him now.

One of the best programs ever given in Boardman was that on Friday afternoon given by the school. Songs, dialogues, recitations—all were enjoyed and all were excellently rendered, and the teachers and superintendent—all of them—deserve great credit for their work.

Happy New Year—Hotel Dorion.

A program that will interest all the farmers in the county is being arranged for the annual meeting of the Morrow County Farm Bureau, which will be held in the Odd Fellows' hall at Heppner, beginning at 10:00 a. m., January 5. While the details of the program have not all been arranged, acceptances have been received from Professor E. L. Potter, head of the Animal Husbandry department at the Oregon Agricultural college, and Mr. E. R. Jackman, Extension Farm Crop Specialist of Corvallis. Professor Potter is one of the best informed men in the state of Oregon on livestock matters, and will discuss some of the economic phases of stock-raising, as relates to the wool grower. Mr. Jackman is well known in this section of the country, having visited the county a number of times in regard to the wheat program that has been carried out the past few years. He will speak at the meeting on "More Economical Production of Wheat." Arrangements are also being made for several musical numbers, and the annual business meeting of the Farm Bureau will be held at this time. Dinner will be served in the hall.

Oh, Young New Year, take not these things from me—
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends the long and searching years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires, and the books I loved;
All wasted kindness and welcoming,
All safe, hard-trodden paths to which I cling,
Oh, Glad New Year, blithe with the thrill of spring—
Leave me the ways that were my comforting!
—Boston Transcript.

His Happy New Year

By Ethel Cook Elliot

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MAN was walking in swift angry strides down the snowy street. He was thinking about a big business deal that had just fallen through, and blaming his partner for it. Indeed, he had only a minute ago parted from his partner with scornful words. And the partner, who was a younger man, had said nothing. He, too, had felt that the blame was all his, and he was ashamed and grieved. But harder than having lost the business for the firm, that young man found it to have lost the good will and respect of his senior partner, whom he admired, even revered.

The angry man was suddenly called from his unpleasant thoughts by a little newsboy thrusting a paper under his nose. "All about the murder, the big Riverside murder!" he intoned through his little nose. "Paper, sir?" "The angry man shoved the boy away. "Get out of my path," he growled, absent-mindedly.

But the newsboy was not taken aback. He grinned up into the clouded face and drawled: "Aw, sir, let yourself have a Happy New Year."

The man walked another block before the words reached his consciousness, so absorbed had he been in his anger. But then they came clear and calm—"Let yourself have a Happy New Year."

How foolish would be the man who wouldn't let himself have a Happy New Year! Bad business that of turning happiness away from you. Nobody, nothing could give you a Lippy New Year, of course, unless you let yourself have it. Funny thought. But stop. Wasn't that exactly what he was doing now, not letting himself have a Happy New Year? Bad business that; worse than that bad business his young partner had just fallen into.

Suddenly he stopped, whirled about and retraced his steps. "I'm not going to cut myself out of a Happy New Year just to indulge myself in a little poisonous anger," he cried to himself. "I'll just hurry back to the office and invite that young man to lunch with us. We've always been good pals till now."

And he did hurry to catch his partner before he, too, left the office. But he did not hurry so much that he could not stop at the corner and buy the few remaining papers from the insolent little newsboy there, though it goes without saying he hadn't time to stop for the change.

A Rolling Stone

By C. G. Hazard

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YOUNG SKIPJACK makes me think of the water beetles that we used to watch as they skated aimlessly about on the waters of the pond, leaving no track behind them. He has been in business all over the place, but has prospered in nothing. He takes advice, but he never uses it. Else I would give him some New Year recipes for prosperity. I would tell him that one thing well stuck to is worth a dozen experiment-ed with; that the scale of our present life will matter little a few years hence, but that the character of it will matter much; that the neglectful steward will find that he was in business for himself; that to be good for nothing is to be bad for a great deal.

AT THE EBB



"Hope the New Year finds you high in spirits!"
"Old man, there ain't but two fingers of the stuff left in the house."

HARDING MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION FORMED

The Harding Memorial association, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., is headed by President Calvin Coolidge and all the members of his cabinet, and an incorporation of responsible men has been formed for the purpose of building a Harding Memorial.

It embraces the three purposes of: 1st Acquiring the Harding Home with the grounds, the same to be kept always as archives for the books, papers, speeches, etc., of the late President Warren G. Harding.

2nd Establishing a chair in some university to be determined, devoted to statesmanship, diplomacy and international law.

3rd Also of building a Mausoleum and Monument in which shall rest the remains of the late President, and ultimately those of Mrs. Harding.

This enterprise calls for Three Million Dollars, \$50,000 of which has been assigned to the state of Oregon as its quota.

President Harding's last weeks of activities were spent on the Pacific Coast, and the people grew to love him for his splendid character and his high ideals, and also to admire, respect and love Mrs. Harding for her womanly qualities.

It is desired that voluntary contributions shall be made to this fund, and that a very great many people should participate in it, that all may have a tangible interest in the enterprise afoot.

Contributions may be sent to B. F. Mulkey, State Chairman of the Harding Memorial Association for the State of Oregon, Suite 403 Corbett Building, Portland, Oregon, or they may be sent direct to headquarters at 1414 F Street, NW, Washington, D. C.

Between the 6th and 16th of January, 1924, a drive will be made in the several counties of this state to secure the funds, but meanwhile, and during that time, it is hoped that a large number of people will respond of their own initiative.

Governor Walter M. Pierce is taking an active interest in this Harding Memorial enterprise, and has issued a proclamation calling upon the various churches of the state to say something commendatory to this movement on Sunday, January 6th.

The movement for the Memorial is non-partisan, and all persons who desire to perpetuate the name and memory of a president who verily yielded up his life in conscientious discharge of the tasks of president of all the people, are earnestly requested to contribute to the Harding Memorial.

Happy New Year—Hotel Dorion.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

FOR centuries it has been the custom, at least among northern nations, "to see the old year out and the new year in, with the highest demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. To but a few does it seem to occur that the day is a memorandum of the subtraction of another year from the little sum of life."

This old writer here quoted, goes on to say: "With the multitude, the top feeling is a desire to express good wishes for the next twelve months' experience of their friends, and be the subject of similar benevolence on the part of others, and to see this interchange of cordial feeling take place, as far as possible in festive circumstances."

The poet Longfellow, in one of his prose works, has given advice as to the attitude to take respecting the flight of time of which all are so forcibly reminded by New Year's day. He writes:

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. And go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

CANDY BONBONS

Into the white of one egg, beaten lightly, mix powdered sugar until stiff. Add very strong black coffee to flavor and slightly color. Drop in a few halves or quarters of walnut meats one at a time. Drop from a fork onto paper. Leave to dry over night.



THOUGHTS for 1924

OLD thoughts are like old habits—they are hard to change. We would not care to change all old thoughts nor all old habits, but what a stirring of sap there is in the brain when a fine, brand new thought blows in!

Perhaps it's a very simple thought, about a different way to do something quite ordinary; but just that tiny jolt is enough to put new energy and interest into the affair.

Don't be forever thinking along monotonous lines; nobody in the world can prevent you from having "parties in your head." If you have a crazy but beautiful notion about traveling somewhere, keep thinking cheerily about it; even if you never get there, it airs out your brain and prevents other discouraging suggestions from creeping in.

Nobody ever got anywhere, made any success, material or otherwise, without dreaming about it first.

The engine will grind and pound and be thoroughly disagreeable unless oiled regularly. Don't be stiff and rusty! Get into gear right away. . . . oil your cylinders with daring thoughts. Who owns this old world, anyway? Habit—or YOU?

Happy New Year!

—MARTHA B. THOMAS
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